

DELA  
7-11-1954

SEPTEMBER

10¢

# GENE AUTRY

## COMICS





**QUICK ACTION SERVICE**, Vol. 1, No. 29 September, 1949. Published monthly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 791 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. George T. Deane, Jr., President; Byron Miles, Vice President; Albert P. Deane, Jr., Vice President. Registered to second class matter December 15, 1947 at the Post Office at New York, N. Y. under the Act of March 3, 1979. Subscriptions in U. S. A., \$1.00 per year; single copies 10 cents. Foreign subscriptions, \$2.00 per year; (on Canadian subscriptions add post). Copyright, 1949, by Dell Publishing Co. Printed in U. S. A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Except those who have authorized the use of their names (and, the names, names, and initials, nicknames, and pseudonyms included) in the provided are hereby recognized and taken, and no association with actual persons, living or dead, is intended or should be inferred.

# Gene Autry

## and The Secret of Badman's Cove



MEANWHILE, NEAR EVERGREEN CANYON, A FEW MILES SOUTH OF SILVER TID...

WE GOTTA MAKE TRACKS  
BOY! IF WE SLEEP UP ON  
THIS JOB, THE BOSSLL  
SHIN US ALIVE!



DAKOTA, AINT  
THAT LEFTY  
COMIN'?

YEAH! BUT TH STAGE  
AIN'T DUE FOR  
TWENTY MINUTES  
YET!



ITS TH STAGE  
DAKOTA! ? -

I HEARD IT COMIN!  
WE'LL HAPTA  
WORK FAST!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

WELL, SAM, NO SIGN O' TROUBLE  
YET! RECKON TH BOSS DONE  
ALL THAT WORKIN'  
FOR NOTHING HE -

HOLD IT, TOO!  
SOMETHING MOVIN'  
UP - GREAT  
GUNS! LOOK!





SAME REBELS ARE DUNCTUATED WITH A NAIL OF LEAD!





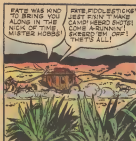


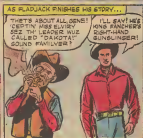














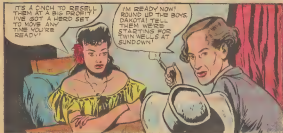












I DIDN'T LEARN  
ANYTHING NEW  
FROM SAGUA!  
HOW DO YOU  
MAKE OUT?



WELL! FANCHER'S  
HERE! GANG TOO!  
GOT A FEMALE WITH  
'EM! BUENED GOOD-  
LOOKER! NAME O'  
CONCHITA!



WHERE ARE  
THEY NOW?



THERE IN TH'  
CAFE! TH REST  
HEADED FER TH  
BORDER! JEST  
AFORD SUNDOWN!  
HEARD TALK'  
'BOUT BADMAN'S  
COVE!

I KNOW THE PLACE!  
I'LL PICK UP THEIR  
TRAIL EASY! YOU  
STAY HERE AN  
KEEP YOUR  
EYES PEELED!



SHORE WILL!  
WON'T MISS  
A TRICK!  
BELIEVE ME!



IF THAT AIN'T AUTUMN'S  
CAUSE, I'M A WAMPUS  
CAT!



WHAT IN  
BLAZES  
IS HE DOIN'  
HERE?



PLANNIN' TROUBLE FOR  
US, MORE'N LIKELY I'LL  
HIGHTAIL IT AFTER TH  
BOSS! MAYBE I CAN  
CATCH HIM AT TH  
COVE!



IF YUH DON'T YUH'LL  
SURE FIND HIM AT  
CONCHITA'S CANTINA!



GALLOPIN' GORRERS! THAT'S  
TH' APPLE-BATTIN' MONDRE!  
GOTTA GIT A HOSS AN'  
TAL HIM! HE'S FOLLERIN'  
GENE!

A FEW MINUTES LATER FLARJACK  
TAKES UP THE TRAIL.

MOVE, YUH BRONTO! I  
BOT A HUNCH GENES  
SONNA NEED US!  
BURN PRONTO!

MEANTIME, GENE ARRIVES AT BARRAN'S COVE ON THE RIO GRANDE.

THEY CAME THIS WAY, ALL RIGHT!  
THEIR TRACKS LEAD RIGHT INTO  
THE WATER!

BECKON NOBODY CAN GET  
SORE AT US FOR CROSSIN'  
THE BORDER, SEEN' AS  
GARCIA ASKED  
FOR HELP!

A RIDER! BEHINDUS!  
I WONDER IF HE'S ON  
OUR TRAIL!











A LITTLE LATER AT BADMAN'S COVE.



LOOK, FLADJACK!  
HORSES CROSSIN'  
THE RIVER! NOW  
I KNOW WHAT CLARA'S  
BEEN UP TO! AN'  
WHAT KING WAS  
PLANNIN' TO GET  
IN ON! DODD UP  
THAT CAUSE!

NEEDN'T HURRY!  
DANGERS'RE WAITIN'  
FOR 'EM!



I DON'T  
SAVVY,  
OLD-TIMER!  
HOW DO  
YOU —

FOLLOWED ADOL-  
CORE TRAIL! TELL  
ABOUT IT LATER!  
SEEN YUH NAMED!  
TIPPED OFF RUSALES  
AN' THEY TELLSGRABED  
TH' DANGERS!



LOOK! THERE  
THEY ARE, GONE!  
HEY! WHERE  
YUH GOIN'!

AFTER RANCHES  
AN' DAKOTA, OF  
COURSE!



TOO LATE!  
THEY'S THEM  
GOIN' TH' RIVER!

YES! HORSE  
LUCK! LET'S  
GIVE THE  
DANGERS A  
HAND!



NEXT DAY.

NEWS FROM LA CRESTA!  
CLARA DIED IN TH' FIRE!  
HER GANG AN' AN O'  
RANCHERS ARE  
IN JAIL!

WO FEEL  
BETTER IF  
KING AN' DAKOTA  
WERE WITH  
THEM!



GONNA BE! CAN'T HOLD IT!  
WITH MANHUNTER AUTREY,  
HAWKSHAW RUSSELL  
AN' DETECKATIVE  
HORNS ON TH' JOB!

MY  
SENTIMENTS  
TOO, OLD-  
TIMER!

HEED'S  
HOON!



"Well, son, how does it feel to be thirteen?"

Teddy Canon looked up from his dish of oatmeal and smiled at Dad who had just come into the cheery kitchen. "Not a bit different than bein' twelve," he said.

Mother sat down at the end of the table and Teddy saw that a faint frown was creasing her forehead. Suddenly, his oatmeal was tasteless. When Mother looked like that, something was wrong. Apparently Dad sensed it, too, because he stopped eating and looked at her.

"Don't you feel well, Dolly?" he asked.

"Yes." She spooned sugar into her coffee.

Dad leaned both elbows on the table. "Dolly, please tell me what's wrong."

"Very well. I want to leave Big Drum—go to a city—"

"What?" Dad and Teddy exclaimed together. Dad continued: "I thought you liked livin' here, Dolly. You never said..."

"I know I didn't," Mother interrupted. "And it was all right while Teddy was little. But he's growing up. He needs things he can't get in this jumping-off place at the edge of nowhere."

"Big Drum's an up-an'-comin' town," said Dad. "In a few years—"

Once more Mother interrupted. "By that time, Teddy's character will be set—in crude lines like this town. I don't want that for him, I want him to have education... culture..." Her voice trailed away.

"There'll be plenty o' both in Big

Drum before long," said Dad confidently. "Now that the railroad's come an' the telephone, you'll be surprised how quickly we'll all get educated an' cultured."

Mother raised her eyebrows. "All the railroad does is bring in more undesirable—foster. And the telephone! I've nearly gone crazy since you installed ours last week. Between its everlasting ringing and Teddy's listening-in on other-folks' conversations every time he gets a chance, I wish the drottet thing had never been invented!"

Dad looked reprovingly at Teddy. "It isn't nice to eavesdrop, son."

"I—uh—know it," Teddy stammered, "but the phone's so new an'—well, sorta mysterious, I can't seem to stay away from it... but I'll try. Honest, I will!"

"If you don't," said Dad, pushing back his chair and standing up, "I may have to order it taken out. An' I wouldn't like that, I'm countin' on its bein' mighty handy in my business."

Mother looked somewhat contemptuous. "I suppose if a crook robs the bank, he'll telephone you about it so you can get after him all the sooner."

"Don't reckon I'll answer that, Dolly." Dad finished buckling his gun belt and started toward the back door. "Teddy's birthday doesn't seem the right time for wranglin'."

"Of course, it isn't!" Mother divided an apologetic smile between Teddy and Dad. "I'm sorry."

Dad came back across the kitchen and scooped her up into his arms. "That's okay, Dolly. An' don't you worry about the education Teddy's gettin' here in Big Drum. He's leavin' to

think for himself, to be independent and to act in a split second. Those are mighty important lessons and it takes a frontier town to teach 'em." He dropped a light kiss on the top of her head and grinned at Teddy. "See you folks at five. An' you'd better both have on your best duds. It isn't every day Teddy Conlon has a birthday on! the Conlon family eats at the Mansion House."

"We'll do you proud," said Mother as Dad opened the back door. "Teddy's got a new jacket and I'm walking over to Mrs. Hill's at three for the new dress she's finishing for me."

After Mother left the house, shortly before three, Teddy decided to take a bath. He lugged the big galvanized washtub in from the shed and put it in the middle of his bedroom floor. Then he partly filled it with hot water from the stove reservoir. By the time he was undressed, the water should be cool. He laid out his clean clothes and had stripped to his underwear when the telephone rang. Three long, two short. Walt Johnson's number. Walt was Dad's deputy; he didn't go on duty till evening. The phone rang again. The sound seemed urgent. Maybe something was up. He hurried into the hall. If he listened just long enough to see who was talking . . . He lifted the receiver carefully, put it to his ear.

"Hello? This is Walt Johnson."

"Walt! Get down here fast!" That was Dad's voice. "The bank's been robbed."

"When? Who?"

"Ten minutes ago. The crook couldn't get to his horse. He vamoosed on foot. Headed up the street. From the description, it's Scar Grotton. Me . . ."

Gently Teddy replaced the receiver. Not because he did not want to hear more but because he had caught the squeak of the kitchen door opening. And now footsteps were crossing the kitchen, coming his way. He went to meet them. Somehow he knew the intruder was Scar Grotton even before he saw him.

"Git on some clothes, pronto,"

barked Scar, backing up his words with a gesture of his six-gun. "I'm takin' yuh with me so's yore old man won't be so all-fired anxious tuh shoot me down if he spots me." He waved the gun again. "Move!"

Teddy turned into the bedroom. "Okay! My clothes are in here."

Scar was right behind him as he entered the room. "No tricks now. I—"

Teddy moved fast. He jumped to one side and, before Scar knew what was happening, shoved the big man into the tub of hot water. As Scar fell, his finger pressed the gun's trigger. The bullet sped through the window, shattering it and bringing Dad and the posse, that was scouring the town, on the double.

That night at the Mansion House, Dad raised his glass of sweet cider and smiled at Mother and Teddy. "Here's to you, son," he said a little chokedly. "Maybe you won't grow up to be the fancy gentleman your Mother's got her heart set on but—"

Mother interrupted. "That doesn't seem to matter any more, Frank." Her voice was a little choked, too. "Teddy is a MAN, and, like you said earlier, I'm convinced it's living here in Big Drum that's made him one!"

Teddy felt warm deep inside. It looked as if he'd grow up in Big Drum after all. And as if the telephone would be a permanent fixture in the Conlon home.



# The Trick

CARRYING \$5000 HE HAD JUST WITHDRAWN FROM THE BANK OSCAR WELLS JOINS HIS LAUGHTER-BOY AND SHERIFF RATE HARRIS.

HOWDY SHERIFF! GOT A LINE YET ON THAT BAD-BATTED ROAD AGENT YOU'VE BEEN HUNTIN' FOR A MONTH?

NO! HE'S STILL COMIN' STRONG! HELD UP THE BAG-ROUND STAGE LAST NIGHT GUNNED THE DRIVER DOWN IN COLD BLOOD ...

THE PALACE  
BARO BARBERSHOP

AN' IF HE GETS WISE TO THAT CASH YOU'RE TOTTIN', HE'S GONNA TRY TO TREAT YOU THE SAME WAY!

NO CROOK'S GONNA SWAMP ME LONG A-LICAN SQUEEZE A TRIGGER ....

REDES, IM GIVIN' THIS CASH TO JOHNSON FOR HIS STEERS, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING! LETS HOSBY MOLLY! SEE YOU LATER, SHERIFF!

YOU'RE NOT TRUSIN' ME DRY! IM RIDIN' OUT TO THE RANCH WITH YOU! JUST IN CASE ...

AN INTERESTED EAVESDROPPER IS RARO BARBER, THE GAMBLER....

THANKS ALL THE SAME, RATE! BUT I'VE BEEN TAKIN' CARE O' MYSELF FOR THIRTY YEARS! RICKON I DON'T NEED CLOSE-HERDIN' NOW!

WELL, JUST PULLED OUT LINE! BETTER VANDOOSE IF YOU WANTA CATCH HIM BEFORE HE GETS HOME.

DON'T WORRY RARO! THOSE FLOW' HORSES O' HIS CAN'T OUTLENN ANY PAINT! I'LL BE BACK WITH THE CASH BEFORE YER KNOCKIN'!









IN HIS HASTE, SLATS MISSES THE RUNNING TARGET...





I HEARD SHERTY CAME  
BACK ON THE DOUBLE!  
A HOUR AND DEAD,  
MOLLY?

NO! HE'S UNCONSCIOUS!  
THE BULLET WENT  
HIGH THROUGH HIS  
CHEST! HE'S LOOSING  
A LOT OF BLOOD!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

THE DOC' IS SURE HE'LL BE OKAY! TAKE  
IT EASY, SLATS! MOLLY AN'  
I'LL BE RIGHT ALONG.

THIS SANDGILL  
DO TELL HE GETS TO  
TAKE

SHERTY! LOOK!  
DADDY'S HAVING HIS  
EYES! HE'S TRYING  
TO SAY  
SOMETHING!



ROCKERTIZED...  
DOLECAT'S VOICE...  
THAT'S LINC...

THERE'S ONLY ONE HOMBRE  
AROUND HERE NAMED  
LINC! LINC GREEN!  
DID THE BANDIT LOOK  
LIKE HIM?

SEARCH ME,  
SHERIFF! I ONLY  
SEEN HIS BACK!

HE, TOO! HE WAS  
FLYING THROUGH  
THAT FLOWER BED  
WHEN I CAME  
AROUND THE HOUSE!



BLUEBONNETS! BECAUSE  
THEY'RE THE ONLY ONES  
IN THIS WHOLE COUNTRY!

THAT'S RIGHT,  
SHERIFF! WE  
BOUGHT THE  
SEEDS WITH US  
WHEN WE  
MOVED UP HERE  
FROM TEXAS!



BECAUSE I'LL TAKE A COUPLE  
THESE HOMBES ALONG!  
THESE THEY'LL HELP  
SPRING A TRAP ON THAT  
MURDERIN' DOLECAT!

I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
SHERIFF! HOW  
CAN A FEW  
BLUEBONNETS -



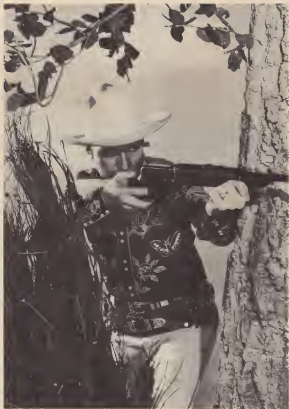


LATER IN TOWN...



STILL LATER...





MAIL TO DELL PUBLISHING CO., 261 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

PLEASE SEND GENE AUTRY COMICS to:

DEPT. G-1-B

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_

STREET AND NUMBER \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

☐ \$1.75 for Two Years

☐ \$1.00 for One Year

No Canadian subscriptions accepted

Foreign ☐ \$2.00 for One Year

DONOR \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

**ACTION! ADVENTURE!**  
**DON'T MISS A SINGLE ISSUE OF**  
**GENE AUTRY COMICS**

*Subscribe now and  
receive this magazine  
every month.*

**2 Year Subscription \$1.75**  
(24 issues)

**1 Year Subscription \$1.00**  
(12 issues)



GENE AUTRY

USE THE HANDY ORDER FORM AT THE TOP OF THIS PAGE